

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

ELEN WARE, recently in "Bosom Friends," is to do some more starring. William A. Brady has acquired a play called "The Man Pays" from Samuel Shipman, and has arranged to star her in it. Mr. Shipman, it is understood, wrote the principal role especially for Miss Ware several years ago. The play is now in preparation and will open in Wilmington, Del., June 25. The supporting cast includes Olive May, Ethel Valentine, Frederic Burt, Shep Camp, Henry Ellison and others. When "The Man Pays" opens Mr. Shipman will direct his attention to the rehearsal of another play from his pen called "The Target," to be produced by A. H. Woods.

BOWERS IN DOLLY PLAY.

A. H. Woods, by the way, is all through with "His Bridal Night," in which he made the Dolly Sisters honest-to-goodness actresses last season. Having arranged to put the twins in a musical piece, he has disposed of the road rights to "His Bridal Night" to Campbell & Kelly, who will star Frederick V. Bowers in it. The Dolly parts will be taken by another brace of twins, the Harr Sisters.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

You ask me how I write a rhyme? I tell you, if you have the time. Ideas are always mighty few. I get one that I think will do. I start to write, and Bughouse Baer, who works (get that) quite near my chair, with some bum story takes the floor, and then I have to start once more. He leaves, and thoughts begin to hatch. Right there Joe Jordan wants a match. I give him one, and off he goes with smoke emerging from his nose. Again I try to concentrate and pretty soon I hit my goal. About that time McNally comes to demonstrate a song; he hums an Irish ditty in my ear, for Shamrock-Land to Mac is dear. When he gets through, my old machine I hammer till upon the scene. Bill Inglis comes prepared to state that some new show is simply great. I pound away to beat the band until I'm stopped by Gene Bertrand. "How 'bout your health, Gene?" comes from me. "It's rotten, thank you," answers he. And so it goes; from time to time my friends step in and pi my rhyme, but I persist. Excuse me, please. Here's Baer again to spill a wheeze.

TRAVERS-STANLEY.

William Marsh Travers, whose first wife was the late Blanche Walsh, has married again. His bride is Olive Elizabeth Stanley, an actress, at present disengaged. The ceremony was performed Tuesday at 4 P. M. in the Presbyterian Church at Ninety-sixth Street and Central Park West. Mr. and Mrs. Larry Wheat were the witnesses. Miss Stanley recently acted in James K. Hackett's "Hamlet" company.

FAVOR EQUITY CONTRACT.

Now that Marc Klaw, President of the United Managers' Protective Association, has returned from the West a meeting of that organization will be held and a committee appointed to confer with the Actors' Equity Association concerning the adoption of a uniform contract which will be acceptable to both employer and employee. Such a contract has been drafted by the Equity, but the Managers have delayed action on it pending the return of Mr. Klaw.

BAIT MIGHT BE WRONG.

Fred Fenton has been "doing his bit" by patrolling Long Island Sound in his motorboat. The boat carries a one-pounder, the gun being in charge of Z. Green, a former naval man. Returning to Astoria the other evening, Fenton and Green were hailed by an old Irishman evidently interested in the submarine situation. "Say," he called, "did yer git any av thim divin' things yet?" "We haven't even seen one," replied Green. "Well, that kint av bait are yer usin'?" asked the old Irishman.

GOSSIP.

Thomas E. Shea is to appear in "Common Clay" at the Casino.

Maxine Elliott has decided not to return to Europe for the present. She is back in New York.

George Nash's new starring vehicle, "A Man's Home," will have black-mail and tango liards.

The Washington Square Players have adopted a dog named Molly because Molly has adopted them. She won't leave the theatre.

Garth Hughes, appearing in "The New Word" at the Empire, is giving \$100 of his weekly salary to the Stage Woman's War Relief.

Charlotte Carter says some woman has been impersonating her in an effort to borrow money from theatrical people. She hopes her credit hasn't been good.

Meyer Cohen of the Harry Von Tilzer Music Company was asked yesterday to publish a song called, "It's a Crepe to a Broken Heart and Call It Dead." He went out and took a drink.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Sam Rice—Did you see that film, "Jody"? The professional life of the average Broadway chorus girl in seven years, but it must seem less to her.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Doc Pickens, who sleeps in Burtwick's Livery Stable at Poe Des, Mo., says he doesn't care how much they tax whiskey. He's had his.

DR. BINGLE'S TIPS.

Any person whose hair is coming out can get new locks at a hardware store.

FOOLISHMENT.

Isabelle Mantle at the beach. "But when by chance the girl came out, she looked like something different yet."

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"Is he a short story writer?" "No. He's six feet tall."

"S'MATTER, POP?"



OLD GRINDSTONE GEORGE

Another Illustration of "What Goes Up Must Come Down!"



HENRY HASENPFEFFER

Sure, the Quickest Way to "Calm a Man Down" Is to Knock Him Unconscious!

By Bud Counihan



THE EVENING WORLD'S

Kiddie Klub Korner

CONDUCTED BY ELEANOR SCHORER

Outdoorland

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The Bird With Three Names and Two Suits of Clothes.

"I HAVE a sticker for you," announced Professor Bombus to our two friends, Bob and Bess. "Can you answer this—"

"Which is it that is called Butterbird in Jamaica, Redbird in the Middle States and Redbird in the Southern States?"

"Give up?"

"I give up," said Bess. Bob gave up, too.

Bombus answered "Bob-o-link" and whisked his hand from behind his back to show a black and buff colored bird perched upon his forefinger. The pert black head of this cunning creature lifted and his throat swelled to produce the pretty love song from which he is named "Bob-o-link." He seemed to be saying that all the while and it must mean something particularly flattering in the language of bird land because the modest little lady to whom he sang cooily pretended not to hear.

With whimsical head tiltings and drollings from branch to branch she feigned inattention to his earnest de-votion.

It was in the heart of a clover-grown meadow that the three friends, Bob, Bess and Bombus, met with the happy Robert of Lincoln and his spouse, and where they rambled in search of the home of the pair.

"The nest must be in those trees," reasoned Bess, pointing to a row of birches that fringed the meadow.

"No, you are mistaken. It is almost certain to be right here on the ground amid the sweet clover."

What a merry hunt they had before the nest was disclosed. By that time,

"Over the mountain side and mead, Robert of Lincoln was telling his name."

Bob wished to wait for their home-



BOMBUS ANSWERED "BOB-O-LINK" AND WHISKED HIS HAND FROM BEHIND HIM WITH A BIRD PERCHED ON IT.

coming, so the trio made a small circle around the nest and Bombus told Bess and Bob many sweet, and curious things about their absent host.

"In the spring Mr. Robert of Lincoln acquires his black and buff suit without moulting any feathers. This is the reason for the correct popular notion, based on erroneous premises (as my big book says), that the red-birds run into bobolinks in the spring."

Bob wears this black livery and sings his sweet song all through the breeding season. But in mid-summer or August he moults and changes his early season garb for plumage like that of his mate."

"His hat" laughed Bobbie, "that is funny! Suppose our daddies did that. Suppose they wore men's clothes half the year and skirts the rest!"

Bess and the Professor joined in his joke and agreed that it would be ludicrous indeed.

"The mother bird's dress," continued the Professor, "is yellowish brown with darker streaks above with a plain grayish color underneath and she wears the same all year 'round. As you see, she is not so fastidious as her Robert of Lincoln husband."

Suggested by ANNA MOHR, age 12, of No. 182 Central Ave., Jersey City.

Contributions From Klub Members

The Disappearance of Freddie.
One day I suggested to play a game. And all the rest agreed in the same. I said, "What game can this be?" The others said, "Let's have one." Bob and Bess, in the game to play on such a nice morning day.

Our "game" will be that big oak tree. The one behind that house you see. But who'll be "it"? Let's choose and see! It's the big tree I thought I could be. The others said, "Freddie!"

The one that was a big, old tree. Bob and Bess, in the game to play on such a nice morning day.

But Freddie was not to be. He was a big tree, but he was not to be. He was a big tree, but he was not to be.

We played the real big and hard, too, too. It seemed like a long time. And we played the real big and hard, too, too.

Freddie was there with wonderful eyes. He was a big tree, but he was not to be. He was a big tree, but he was not to be.

We all laughed and as Fred could be. This is what Freddie could be to see. He was a big tree, but he was not to be. He was a big tree, but he was not to be.

And Freddie was as quick as a wink. He was a big tree, but he was not to be. He was a big tree, but he was not to be.

The real big and hard, too, too. He was a big tree, but he was not to be. He was a big tree, but he was not to be.

Cousin Eleanor's Klub Kolumn

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Dear Boys and Girls of the Kiddie Klub: Is there a member among you but would love to have a Klub pennant? Not one, I am certain. This news, then, will interest you greatly:

I will send a Kiddie Klub pennant to each boy and girl member who succeeds in getting FIVE NEW MEMBERS.

Also, to each new member bringing four others besides him or herself.

The pennants are of felt done in Klub colors—blue and gold color with "Kiddie Klub" printed across it in heavy white letters. It measures 8 inches in height and 22 inches in length, tapering to a point in regular pennant fashion.

This is a chance for me to prove that my consins are working earnestly for the good of the Klub.

You, my young friends, and I know perfectly well what an interest you have in our great consinship, but I want every one else to know also. So each day an honor roll containing the names of members who have won pennants will be printed in this column. I should be delighted to have it grow so large that it will take up the entire space.

Let us see if it can be accomplished!

Your enthusiastic
Cousin Eleanor.

Questions and Answers.

Q. Does every Kiddie Klub member have a particular mission to contribute to?

A. Any Kiddie Klub member who wishes to may, but they would need to contribute \$25.00 a year. In other words, 10 cents a day.

Q. May I send you six coupons for each of my two little consins?

A. Yes, you may. I shall be glad to make them out for you.

Q. How many stamps shall I need to put on a letter to the Klub Consin in England?

A. Two cents in stamps will carry a letter to England. One going to Japan requires five cents in stamps.

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Kiddie Klub Pennant

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The Office Force

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"WELL, what do you know about that?" asked Poppie, the Shipping Clerk, laying aside his newspaper. "A Kansas farmer sent 4,000 pounds of hay by parcel post."

"Must have been German hay," said Bobbie, the Office Boy.

"Why?"

"It was two tons."

Miss Prim, Private Secretary to the Boss, sighed. "He's in again," she said. "Everything was lovely until that happened."

"You mean until the hay was shipped?" asked the boy, feigning innocence.

"Listen, kid, where do you want the body sent?" demanded Poppie, grinning.

"Hey?"

"Bobbie really should be paid for his wit," snapped Miss Prim. "Some magazine would likely give him about two cents a joke."

"Thank you!" said the boy, "but I don't need any additional cents of humor."

"Oh, rot!" put in Spooner, the Book-keeper, scowling. "Let's change the subject. 'I see the war registration was very large.'"

"Yes," said Bobbie. "Some of those guys better look out for pneumonia."

"They'll be caught in a draft."

"Say, kid," came from Miss Tillie, the Bond Stenographer, "you certainly got a active brain. It's working all the time."

"Yes," said Miss Prim. "In that respect the brain doesn't resemble the boy, but it's very much like your jaw, Miss Tillie."

"What do you mean?"

"Now Miss Prim has ruined the conversation all up," said Bobbie.

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed Poppie. "Why scrap? Did anybody here go to the Actors' Fair?"

"I did," said Miss Tillie. "Plenty of booths, I presume?"

"Not a drop," said Bobbie. "Not a drop of what?" asked Miss

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